KIM, MOM, DAD BYE BYE BIRDIE

MOM

Hello? Oh? Well, hold on, Operator. (Walks to stairs.)  
Kim, it's for you. She says it's long distance.

KIM (Entering)

Thank you, Doris.

MOM

Who could be calling Kim...? Did you say "Doris"?

KIM

It's the modern way, dear. Makes mother and daughter more like friends.  
Harry, I think you took the news about Hugo and I awfully well. Hello?

MOM

She called you "Harry."

DAD

Yeah.

KIM

Yes, this is Miss Kim McAfee.

MOM  
Yesterday I was a mother. Today I'm a friend.

KIM  
Yes, I'll hold on.

MOM  
Well, maybe you could call me Mom. That's modern.

KIM

Times are changing. You go along or else you're out of it.

KIM  
Harry, do you have a cigarette?

DAD  
I've run out.

KIM  
Oh, so have I.

DAD  
How about my pipe?

KIM  
Hello?

DAD

Harry? Kids.

KIM

Conrad Birdie? To kiss me? (Hangs up, crossing to MOTHER.)  
Mother!  
Mommy!

MOM

Baby! What happened?

KIM  
Conrad Birdie's coming here to kiss me!

MOM  
Isn't that nice?

KIM

You don't understand! Conrad Birdie's coming to Sweet Apple to kiss me!  
Oh, Mommy!

MOM  
I never thought I'd say it, but God bless Conrad Birdie!